To the WORSHIPFUL

WILLIAM MARSHALL, Esq; MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE WORTHY

Inhabitants *of the Town of* NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

JOHN COX.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1781, to the 21st Day of *December* 1782; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 14) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the New Chapel in *King's-Head* Lane, 3; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 2; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 6; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	3	Abcess -	1	Fevers - -	7	Jaundice - -	0	Rheumatism -	1
Aged - -	9	Consumptions -	26	Fits - -	15	Lunacy - -	1	Suddenly - -	1
Asthma - -	3	Cramp -	1	Flux - -	0	Mortification -	3	Small-Pox -	0
Accident - -	1	Cancer - -	2	Gravel - -	1	Measles -	0	Teeth - -	3
Ague -	1	Dropsy - -	10	Influenza -	1	Palsey - -	1	Ulcer - -	1

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	26	Ten and Twenty -	4	Forty and Fifty -	6	Seventy and Eighty -	6
Between Two and Five	2	Twenty and Thirty -	6	Fifty and Sixty -	7	Eighty and Ninety -	6
Five and Ten -	3	Thirty and Forty -	11	Sixty and Seventy -	12	Ninety and an Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	52	41	93	57	32	89
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	12	14	26	18	20	38
St. GILES'S. - -	7	15	22	15	24	39
St. PETER'S. - -	5	1	6	3	6	9
At the Meeting in St. *Peter's* Parish - - -				1	1	2
In the whole Town.	76	71	147	94	83	177
	Decreased - - 3			Increased - - 6		

As in Adam all die, even so in CHRIST *shall all be made alive.* 1 Cor. Chap. xv. Verse 22.

IN this sad Page we read our Fate; we see
Each one his own in others' Destiny.
The Babe is born. The Parents (happy Pair!)
With Breasts transported see a Son and Heir.
How short their Joys? The Bantling takes a Peep,
Shrinks at the fearful Sight, and drops asleep;
As if aware what Blights await his Stay,
The Bud, just open'd, wisely shuts with Day.
Another comes. A somewhat lengthen'd Span
Flatters his Hopes, and he arrives at Man.
Ten Thousand Frolics agitate his Brain;
His restless Soul makes all his Pleasure Pain.
Possessing all Things, e'en Possession cloys,
Enjoying all Things, nothing he enjoys.
He bounds o'er Time; his natural Course half-run,
In the Mid-day goes down his setting Sun.
Sad Witness He of this lamented Truth,
That Days of Folly are the Days of Youth.
Next comes old Age, with slow and limping Tread,
Furrow'd his Cheek, and silver'd o'er his Head.
Alas, the sunken Eyes, the toothless Jaws!
Limb after Limb he draws, and hardly draws.
With complex Ills tho' long maintain'd the Strife,
He drags on still the leaden Load of Life.

BRITISH MUSEUM

But, like the Rest, at length retreat he must,
And lay his old Bones amid their kindred Dust.
Are all then doom'd to die? Yes, yes, the Plan
Assign'd it is by Heaven to sinful Man.
And is there no Help, no Rescue from the Grave,
Nothing to cure that Wound which Adam gave?
Yes, JESUS comes "with Healing in his Wings,"
And Conquest, full Conquest over Death He brings.
'Tis He, the Bruiser of the Serpent's Head,
Who Sin, who Death, who Hell hath Captive led.
Fly then to *Him*, of Kings the King supreme,
To *Him*, whose first Advent's *now* our gladsome Theme;
To *Him*, the GOD who left the Realms above
To reinstate us in JEHOVAH's Love;
The GOD, whom Faith undoubting hails her own,
That holy Faith, who by her Works is known.
Shielded by *Him*, let Thousand Foes invade,
Of Thousand Thousands—who's the least afraid?
No; tho' the Hills were into Ocean hurl'd,
And to it's inmost Centre shook the World,
He our Sheat-Anchor, safe our Bark shall ride,
Tempests, and Rocks, and Earthquakes all defied;
Till (Lot most blest!) Heaven's Shores at length we climb,
The Wrecks of Worlds surviv'd—surviv'd the End of Time.

H. W. 1782.